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A JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK
TO SAN FRANCISCO, 1850

David Knapp Pangborn.

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33
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3. *A Journey from New York to San Francisco in 1850.*

THE following document is a portion of a diary of David Knapp Pangborn, which was kindly furnished to the REVIEW by his granddaughter, Mrs. Winthrop Girling of Chicago, Illinois, in whose possession the original diary now is. The portions of the diary recounting the experiences of the writer after his arrival in San Francisco are not given here, inasmuch as they refer almost exclusively to personal matters without much historical interest.

June 1, 1850. New York.

Left our Dock at 3 P. M. precisely amid the cheers and greetings of thousands which crowded every possible standing place on the pier with one thick mass of human beings.

June 3. At sea.

For the first time since I left N. Y. I have attempted with success to eat a little and keep it down. . . . At 4 P. M. on Sunday had a Prayer meeting on the main Deck got up by 3 Cali Missionaries (Baptists) going out. Two of them have wives on Board, one is single and a single Lady is also going as a Teacher. . . . My tea and sea biscuit begin to relish and the confinement of the Cabin to be irksome.

June 7.

Too Hot to sleep. Thermometer 85 in shade. Came up on deck. . . . We are now fairly in the Carribean Sea. Verry hot indeed scarce a breath of air and our overcrowded Ship is almost breathless. If we find it warm on the Istmas we shall at least have more room.

Sunday, June 9.

Land. Coasted along the shore for several hours till we finally cast anchor of Chagres at 10 A. M. At 3 P. M. got safe to Shore in small row Boats.

June 10.

Hired a Canoe with 2 others beside W^m and the Doctor and started at 1 P. M. Began immediately to Rain and we put back. Our Boatman deserted and left us alone in the rain which was Rain *Pouring* for an hour and a half. Got our Baggage all wet and at 8, we verry gladly crossed over by the vivid flashes of Lightning to the American side of the River and took shelter in a Hotel under the imposing name of the Irving House. Paid a \$1.25 cash for Supper and Lodging. Supper Cider and Biscuit. Lodging a Cot and Blanket stowed in the unfurnished chamber as thick as they could be stowed. Soon fell asleep notwithstanding the heat and rested.

June 11.

8 A. M. Got a cup of coffee without milk at a Negros Stand which with a soda Biscuit made my Breakfast. With much ado got our Negro Boatmen and Baggage once more on Board and started. River rising — Banks low and swampy. Made 10 miles by hard labor and stoped for Dinner. Got more black rily Coffee and eat sea Bread. At 3 succeeded in getting our Darkies once more into the Boat and started. Made 10 miles more and landed at 8 P. M. Verry dark. Found an "Amerecano" with a tent who for the consideration of 50 cts each suffered us to sleep on the ground under his Tent. Supper Coffee and Bread.

June 12.

Started early after getting some Coffee and worked up a few miles. Current getting verry strong and River rising. Stoped at 10 A. M. at a tent and for 2 hours another Rain *Pouring*. Never saw anything compare with it. After a delay of some hours a great deal of scolding and working succeeded in getting our Negros off by the promise of \$5.00 extra pay. Started at 3 P. M. and made a few miles. Stoped at 5 at a

Native Ranch. Got into a Hen House and opened our trunks. Found to our dismay that almost every thing we had was wet. Wrung out our wet things as well as we could and hung them up till Morning. Went to a neighboring House and bought a little Coffee. Got some boiled Rice and made a Supper. Spread our Coats on some dry Hydes in the loft of the Hen House and slept well.

June 14.

More Coffee and Rice. Paid 4 Dimes each for the use of the Hen House and after an other long long spell of Coaxing succeeded at 11 A. M. in getting off. River rose during the night 10 or 12 feet and before we started had fallen again for about 5 or 6 of it. Current verry strong and navigation verry difficult. Could make with all our exertion only about one mile an hour. At 4 P. M. reached San Pablo, a Rancho on the right Bank of the River on a high Bluff and looking more like life than any thing we had seen. The Rancho is owned by a Spaniard who is almost as great a proficient at speaking as "Los Americanos" themselves. Wanted to charge us 6 Dimes apiece for Sleeping on the mud floor of his Hovel. Left him and went back some 30 Rods and made a tent of our Blankets boiled some rice bought a little coffee at a dime a cup and camped down. All soon forgot in sleep the toils of the day but myself. I got up and with the long Knife of our Boat Man in hand kept gaurd over [?] our little camp . . . and after a few hours of reflection and meditation at about 12 I lay down on my Blanket and got an hour or two of unquiet slumber.

June 15.

Got some more Coffee and sea Bread eat some cold rice and started. Toiled on till 3 P. M. with only a short rest at a Negro hut and reached "Gorgona." Got Supper at a "Hotel" with a large Name but slim accomodations and went down to the Boat. Opened all our trunks and Bags and spread every thing out in the hot Sun on the gravel Beach which was covered for nearly a Mile by Men all laboreing like us to get dry clothing. Found some of our things quite spoiled and others nearly so by the moisture and Heat. In fact every thing you touch seems wet and once wet *nothing dries* but mould ensues immediately. By close application got our things in tolerable order and repacked by sunset. Dare not trust our negroes with the Boat tonight. Some done so last night and found themselves deserted after paying as we had done fare all the way through and this morning at San Pablo paid \$10.00 each to get through, as much as we paid for the whole distance from Chagres to Cruces. Two of our party slept in the Boat, and two, the Doctor and myself at the "Rail Road Hotel" paying 75 cts for Supper and 50 for Lodging.

June 16.

All still well and at an early hour were under way. River almost impassable. Saw last night the Rapid Current of the River filled with Boxes and trunks of a capsized Boat which were mostly picked up in the Eddy opposite Gorgona. It proved to be the Goods of a German from

Utica N. Y. The owner was drowned. After an hour or two we came up to the place where the unfortunate German lost his life. A verry rapid place and the Boatmen loosing control of the Boat it was dashed against a snag or sunken tree and capsized. Several other fellows are said to have been drowned dureing the last few days. We saw 2 or 3 Floating Bodies in the River but did not learn who they were. Worked our way up till the last Mile. We were repeatedly obliged to get out on the gravelly bars of the River and walk past the rapid places while the Boatmen waded in the water and shoved the Boat and Baggage up. Arrived at Cruces at 2 P. M. all safe. Had another time drying our clothes and deposited them in a transportation office.

Sabbath, June 16.

Lounged out the day in a large tent belonging to an american. Went up to see the ruins of the old Church and made our arrangement for a start in the morning for Panama.

June 18.

Got a cup of coffee and started on foot. Found the Road not as muddy as we had been led to expect but all the descriptions of tourists had failed to give up the first faint idea of it as it is except the general one that it was difficult. It has once been a paved mule road cut through the Mountains at great expense but with the ancient Glory of Panama is in complete ruins. A small patch here and there just serves to show the fact of its previous existance. The old paving stones and other boulders lie in complete confusion over the whole surface of a large part of the Road, interspersed with occasional patches of deep mud. When it is stones the unlucky wayfarer must jump and when it is mud he must wade, for there is no dodging either, it being impossible to get out of the Road let what will be in it in the way of difficulty. A large part of the distance is made up of cuts in the Road of various depths from a few feet up to twenty or more about 10 feet wide at the top and in many places not 2 wide at the Bottom and some not even so wide filled at the bottom with the aforesaid stones and mud interspersed with here and there a dead Mule by way of variety, now suppose it to be up and down at every possible grade and crooked at every possible radius of curvature, fill it well up with pack mules and naked Negro Muleteers each with a long knife in his belt and perhaps with a trunk weighing 100 lbs or more on his shoulders and cover the whole with an impenetrable mop of foliage in Tropical Luxuriance and fill the air there with the constant screaming of parrots and you have the Cruces Road as we saw it. We leaped from stone to stone and waded in mud forded brawling brooks held our noses and crawled over dead mules most perseveringly from 7 till 2 when we came in sight of the far famed "Half Way House" a miserable tent pitched on the bank of a Brook completely covered with the Mould which covers all cloth coverings here in the wet season. No seat to sit on. Cot Beds from 75 cts to 100 each. Meals 100 and no refreshment of any sort to be had in any other form or at any other

price. It was "Hobson's choice" that or nothing. 2 of my Comrades refused to be [illegible] and went on, myself and [illegible] thought best to submit and stay washed the mud as well as we could from our Boots dried them, rested ourselves got some supper and in the morning went on.

June 19. Panama.

Arrived quite worn out at 12 M. having got a cup of coffee after a walk of 4 miles this morning. Whole distance from Cruces 22 Miles, 11 yesterday and 11 today. This end of the Road much the best, being dryer and more open the air had a better chance for circulation. Found the Doctor after an hour or two and took lodgings without the City Walls right on the Shore of the Bay in the third story of an old building said to be 100 years old. I never understood before why the upper part of a House was the place of honor in old times in the East. I would not live below here on any account, but away up in our Attic we are cool and clean when they are suffering with heat and all sorts of offensive smells below. Have got us some Hammocks slung for sleeping and get sometimes a meal at the Restaurants and sometimes cook a little ourselves. Pay a Dime pr day for Room Rent and Lounge away our time as we can. The Northern is not yet heard from and don't know when she will be.

Sunday, June 23.

Saw Hager and Bennett and White . . . all familiar faces. Hager and Bennett say the boat we should have taken is already gone.

At 11 A. M. a sermon preached in the Tent of a Circus Company here from N. Y. by a traveling clergyman a verry small pattern of a man but nevertheless the voice of prayer and Praise, instead of Blasphemy and impiety is refreshing . . . however poorly it may be done. Gambling and swearing is the order of the day here on every hand. Recovering slowly from the fatigue of my Journey.

June 24

White and one or two others left to day paying \$50. difference between their Tickets and others after waiting here 3 weeks. Am no wise sorry they are gone. Society here can be made no worse by their absence and may be made better.

June 25.

Steamer Oregon arrived from San Francisco. Brought news of the Sarah Sands which has been due here for 6 or 8 weeks. She will not be here for 10 days or a fortnight yet. Some of her passengers have died. Many well have been sick, some have gone home discouraged and many more have procured other tickets and gone on. I think that 8 weeks in this climate will "decimate" a lot of passengers. 2 American funerals to day, one Man and one woman a Mrs Hardy. She has left a Husband here and a young child. It would have been mercifull to his family had he thrown them into the sea at New York instead of bringing them here

to die by inches in this climate and among strangers destitute as all must be whether sick or well of the commonest comforts of life. It is no place for women and children. If men please to come let them.

June 26.

British Steamer arrived from Valparaiso this morning, bringing no news of our boat.

June 27.

Rose early this morning and went into the Mountains back of the City. . . . had some fine views of the country about and returned at 12 M. by the way of the Burying Ground. Saw the place where a good many disappointed Californians have taken up their last sleep, a wild neglected place outside the Catholic yard in the Bushes and trees . . . I looked at the desolate looking place and thought of the chances I stood of taking my place among these with now no very comfortable feeling. But the will of God be done. I left home not for my own good but for the benefit of those at home. This end may be subserved perhaps as well by my dying here as by going on. Every day however we hold a council and talk over every expedient of escape from here and invariably end right where we began. There seems no way of escape for us without more funds than we have to spare so we must resign our lives and wait, as patiently as possible.

Almost every night is a Fandango at a Negro Gambling House near by kept up no body knows how long. The dull monotony of the African Drum is only relieved at intervals of the dance by the drunken yells and screams of Darkies and Dinahs in the exuberance of their joy and at all times by night and by Day we have all sorts of noises of our own among ourselves. Card Playing, singing either Negro Melodies or Methodist Hymns as the case chances to be, and all mixed in complete confusion with the most foul and foolish Blasphemy from lips that might be expected to use decent language.

I am constantly seeing things here to remind one of Eastern scenery and eastern cities. Not only is the Palm Tree that significant symbol of eastern vegetation abundant, but much in the habits of the people and in the city itself is also like the East. The streets of Panama are narrow and all are paved. The Main Street is about 30 feet wide and remainder perhaps 20 feet. A narrow sidewalk is flagged on each side in a rude manner and the paving is made with a slight decent to the middle of the street. The Houses are all made with galleries in the second and third stories projecting over the sidewalk from 3 to 6 feet and the roof has the same projection so that the sun is nearly shut out from the streets. The most of the Buildings are of stone and verry old, some few are being repaired, but a new House of any kind is not known. Many are falling to ruins.

It is a very common thing to see Buildings gone completely to decay, Churches and private Houses unroofed and fallen in, some with all the side walls still standing, some with only one side up, and the rest all

down. I think in its best days this city never had any aqueducts or any decent water. It is now supplied by water brought some distance on the backs of Mules and costs about 5 cts per gall and is the poorest water I have seen even here on the Isthmus. The principle well would not be offered as a respectable watering place for animals at home. The roofs are all covered with Tiles and the Floors of stone Houses are made of the same material only differing in form, but the houses so far as I can learn are all infested with insects and reptiles, many of them venomous. Scorpions a large kind of spider looking thing with a tail about 2 inches long is quite poisonous and a small Lizard shaped animal said also to be poisonous is very common. We see them every day crawling all over the walls and timbers above though they seem shy and run from us. The Bread of Panama is the most like Human food of any thing that is here, it is pretty good made of Chilian or Peruvian Flour and is only about double, or a little more than double the price in N. York. Beef miserable 10 cts per pound, pork not quite so bad 20 cts at the market, Fish dear, for no reason that I can learn except they are too lazy to take them. Many of them are very good. Sugar about double the price in the States and poor. This is the only place I ever saw where no attempts whatever are made at cultivation. I have not seen in the whole country any thing worthy of the name of Cultivation, every thing is brought from somewhere else even Bananas and the spontaneous productions of the earth are brought here in boats from along the coast toward Peru and many if not all the few eadible vegetables used here come from Peru, Flour, Potatoes, Apples, etc. etc. Potatoes are 10 cts per pound and other things in proportion. A large portion of the meat used is salt ham brought I should think from the States and sells for 4 dimes (50 cts) per pound.

June 29.

This morning while getting our coffee ready heard that a man had been stabbed during the night near by. Proved to be a Gambler and supposed to be killed by a Brother Black Leg for his money. He had been lucky for a number of days and was known to have several hundred Dollars. His money Belt was found by his side ripped open and Robbed. He was a white man but not an American. Only the day before in a Gambling brawl had stabbed and badly wounded another man. No notice is taken of the affair here by the Authorities if indeed there are any Authorities here, of which I see no indication except the presence of some forty or fifty Negro Soldiers barefoot and dirty and taken together the most inefficient looking Negros I have seen here. A perfect caricature of the name of Soldier. Nobody minds any thing about them and nobody so far as I have been able to learn ever dreams of appealing to the city government for justice in any case whatever.

Sabbath, June 30.

Attended Protestant service. Preaching by the same stranger that preached last Sabbath . . . to a large congregation.

July 4.

In Panama still and no prospect of relief. Great preparations are made up in the city for a celebration of the day. The Governor has offered the use of His House and has ordered it would seem an extra guard from somewhere for the occasion. A steamer is in the port under our window dressed in all the colors of the Rain Bow ready to carry those who have more Dimes and Patriotism than Brains to somewhere in the hot sun. I have to stay at home and save my breath to Hurra for the Northern should I be so happy as ever to see Her come. She is now 86 days out.

A chapter on Steamboats.

4 July, 1850.

I have learned what I can of the steamer business since I have been here and found it on the whole the most stupendous fraud of the age. Tickets are issued and sold by thousands in N. Y. and the Identical Money paid for them by the deluded Purchasers is Taken and Boats purchased with it and sent round the Horn while the robbed passengers have purchased instead of a "Through Ticket" a certificate of *certain detention* here. Many got sick, some die and many are discouraged after weeks and months of delay and broken in fortune or constitution or both goes back discouraged entirely. L. Howard and Son and Roberts Lines have neither of them any certain means of forwarding from here one fifth part of the passengers they catch in their "Man Trap."

Roberts and Co [?] have 2 Boats here but only one of them has yet made more than one trip up while they are sending on passengers for the 3d trip that must stay here till Sept if not Oct.

Howards Line have got no Boat running with any sort of regularity on this side. They have been selling through Tickets since last Feby and have only the Sarah Sands here which went up on her first Trip!! actually only Her first Trip. She left here the 9th of Apl for San Francisco and has not yet returned and this is the *only load* of passengers Howard and Son have ever sent up. She was heard from a few days ago near Monterey going up. The Passengers had got tired of waiting for Her and landing walked up the Coast 150 miles and Sent Back a lighter load of Coal to the poor Boat to help Her up. In the mean time the passengers for Her second trip are here waiting for Her 8 or 9 weeks unless by great Sacrifices they have got on some other way. The passengers for the New Orleans Have I think mostly got wearied out and disposed of their Tickets in some way and dispersed. The "West Point" is thought to be lost and the "Northern" which was to have been here without doubt in 70 days is now out 86 and not heard from. People get Here and have paid their money in New York unsuspectingly thinking they shall go on and find when they get Here that their further progress is "Indefinitely Postponed" or they are subjected to the tender mercy of a "Ticket Gambler" Instead of whom commend me to an Algerian slave dealer.

Many an unlucky wight has paid them more money as a bonus on a Ticket than the original cost of the Ticket in New York. They cry down [?] the owners of the non appearing Boats and buy up the Tickets of the wearied passengers and send them back home or up on Sailing Vessels and then when the Boat comes sell the Tickets at double and more than double prices and the very agents of the lines themselves are shamefully engaged in thus plucking their poor Emigrants.

Saturday, July 13, 1850.

West Point arrived round the Horn yesterday and the Columbus this morning from California but no "Northern" yet for us. More [?] American funerals yesterday and no escape open for us. "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." It is my Father. Let Him do what Seemeth Him good. Prayer Meeting last night and Prayer precious to me. It is an affecting and pleasant sight to see Strong Men with nerve to do and suffer what we are doing suffering and engaged as all here must be and expect to continue to be engaged in a struggle not only with difficulties but in a contest stern and strong with the selfishness of men. To see such men in the childlike Simplicity of true Christian feeling melted to tears under the influence of the spoken [?] truth, Christian truth and prayer. But so it is and when we meet each other after those interviews it is with a more cordial feeling of recognition and a far kindlier shake of the hand.

Thursday, July 18.

The "Northern" arrived on Tuesday last. The "Republic" has also come from round the Horn and the Sarah Sands from California so that there are many happy faces in Panama and a great majority of the Emigrants will be gone from here in the course of the next ten days probably to be succeeded by fresh arrivals from home. There seems no end to the Hordes that are coming. I have not had an hour of ill health since I came on the Isthmus five weeks since. William has been ill for two weeks and the Doctor longer and seems to have lost all his self possession and energy. Hope to get away from here next Tuesday.

Sunday, July 21.

Still here in Panama and cannot foresee when we are to get off but hope to this week. Service this morning at 10 A. M. at the Home of the French Consul. The Americans here have petitioned the Governor for the use of one of the vacant churches for Protestant services. There are 15 or 16 churches and convent chapels in the City and not half of them ever used at all. Our last Friday night Prayer Meeting was broken up by the changes occuring here daily, some who had sustained it were gone while their places were filled by Men of another spirit and also by sickness in the Town. They must now be reckoned among our past opportunities [*sic*] for which we must account at the day of Judgment.

Thursday, July 25.

We expect to go on board tomorrow morning. We expect to be crowded badly and have poor accomodations. But we are glad to get

on at any rate for we are tired enough of Panama. Hope I have bought the last Picayune worth of rice of the old Negro woman at the corner and shall have to kindle but few more fires here to cook it and eat but few more meals here on the Top of my trunk. But I will not rejoice to much. I expect the fare on the Boat will make me regret even Panama.

Friday, July 26.

At 3 went on Board the Little Steamer Taboga for the Northern and ran down to the Island of Taboga. Reached there 10 miles and came on Board at 4½ P. M. Ship all in confusion.

Saturday, July 27.

The balance of our Passengers came down from Panama to day at 3 P. M. and at 6 we weighed our Anchor and stood out to sea. Ship crowded to excess between 400 and 500 Hundred Passengers and over 100 of the Crew making in all over 600 Souls on Board. In my cot tonight I reviewed once more with gratefull heart the goodness of God to me while on the Isthmus for 7 weeks in an unhealthy climate surrounded by the sick and yet not one sick hour.

Sunday, July 28.

Evening. *Sea Sick.* Oh! Oh!

29 Monday. Do Do

Tuesday, July 30.

Not a breath of air and our crowded Ship is insufferably hot.

Saturday, August 3.

Morning. Land again in sight on the Starbord Bow. At 11 A. M. altered our course and stood in for Land and coasted up looking for the entrance of the Bay of Accapulco but did not make it till 8 P. M. It was now dark and we knew that the officers of the Boat were none of them acquainted with the Place. We had therefore to make a strange Harbor in the dark without any Pilot. Great anxiety was felt and all hands were on Deck watching the course of the Ship as she stood into the entrance between Two Headlands that rendered by their deep Shadows the passage blind and dark enough. Even "Venus" was in a cloud as we went in, but went safely up however though verry nigh the Breakers once and quite out of the regular channel and at 9 P. M. Dropt our Anchor before the City and all hearts were lightened of a load. Just as we made the entrance of the Harbor at 8 P. M. one of our number died a Mr Smith from Western N. Y. and as we turned in at 10 or 11 we heard that the "Cholera" was on Shore and that the Small Pox was on Board — rather poor things to set one to sleep.

Sunday, August 4.

What little disposition I had to sleep was defeated for the most part last night by the incoherent ravings of a young man near me who had a fever. After Breakfast all went on shore to give the crew a chance to Cleanse the Ship. Carpenter made a rough coffin for the dead man and at 10 He was carried a shore and Buried by the American curate.

Accapulco is a much cleaner and pleasanter Place than Panama. Went this morning about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile out of the City Back to bathe in a Beautiful stream of fresh water coming right down from the High Mountains in the rear. Walked in the groves and Gardens a while and returned to Town and got Dinner.

Then went up on an elevated Plateau overlooking the Bay under a grove of Mango Trees to while away the time till night. The City is on our right a strong Mexican Fort is on the Point at our left and the Bay and Shipping right before us. The Northern being right in the Center of the Picture, covered with Her crew and all the "Hombres" that they can hire Taking in Coal and water, Cattle, Sheep and Pigs. At 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ took a long ramble up past the City and all around the Beach till we came to where our further progress was Bared by the shutting [?] down of the Hills so near as to close the Road. The City Lies embosomed among Volcanic Mountains Wild and Rugged as possible. In the rear is a natural [?] plain of a Mile or so before you strike the Base of the Mountains in one direction but in another the Houses of the City extend for some distance up the sides of the Hill. The Houses are all one story High and even the Church is very low being evidently made for a Volcanic Country.

Monday, August 5.

At Half past five heard the welcome sound of the parting Gun fired and we left our Anchorage with three cheers answered from the crowded decks of the Steamer Republic along side and from some other vessels and stood out of the Bay. Two more of our Sick had died while we were on shore on Sunday and were carried on shore privately and buried in the evening One the sick man who had disturbed us on Saturday night and the other a Ships Boy. Our Ship had been however well cleaned on Sunday and we hope the most of our sickness is over but we are in the Hands of God. In His hands our Breath is whose are all our ways.

As we left our anchorage in the Bay of Accapulco a storm of thunder and Rain Burst on us from the high mountains back of the City and we put to sea in the midst of the severest storm of wind and rain we have seen for many days. But our Boat is a good one and we have confidence in the good Providence of God. I slept well and rose Tuesday morning at Sea and in good health. The coast of Mexico in sight Mountainous in the extreme. Course still "West North West." Heard that while lying in the Harbor it was Stated by the passengers of the "Republic" that one of their Passengers on the way down from Panama being out of His head with Fever came on Deck unobserved by any one and before the watch on Deck observed what he was doing leaped overboard just before the wheel and of course was seen no more. I did not learn who He was but the Ship held on her way. William has been sick again and took an emetic on Saturday morning. Is better again now.

Wednesday, August 7.

By the goodness of God still well myself. One of my acquaintances from Burlington, a Mr Pine [?] removed to the Hospital (on the after Deck near my Berth) sick with Small Pox.

Thursday, August 8.

Heard from young Pine. His case proves confluent Small Pox. But inasmuch as a sail cloth curtain separates the Hospital from the cots of the Passengers we hope it will not spread so as to get us into quarantine at San Francisco.

Saturday, August 10.

Had our quarters moved to day into a less favorable spot. Caught a severe cold in my new quarters last Night and a Fray occurred between a Mr Dearborn and the first Mate about the Berths.

August 12.

Cold severe. Put on all the clothing I ever put on in winter and yet uncomfortable. My cold no better.

August 15.

Daylight off the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco.

4 P. M. Dropped our anchor at 8 A. M. Health officer came on Board and we had but one sick man on our list. The rest had all recovered or nearly so. We were permitted to land and after a long tire-some and dinnerless day of scrambling pulling and hauling succeeded in getting all safe on shore and am at the Hotel [?] waiting for supper with a good appetite.

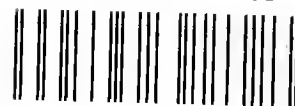


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